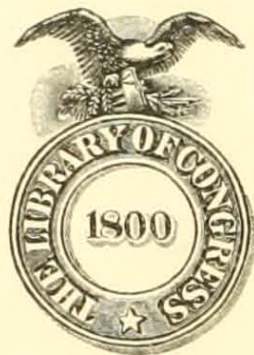


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Union Pacific "The Overland Route"

Souvenir and views. Enroute
to California.

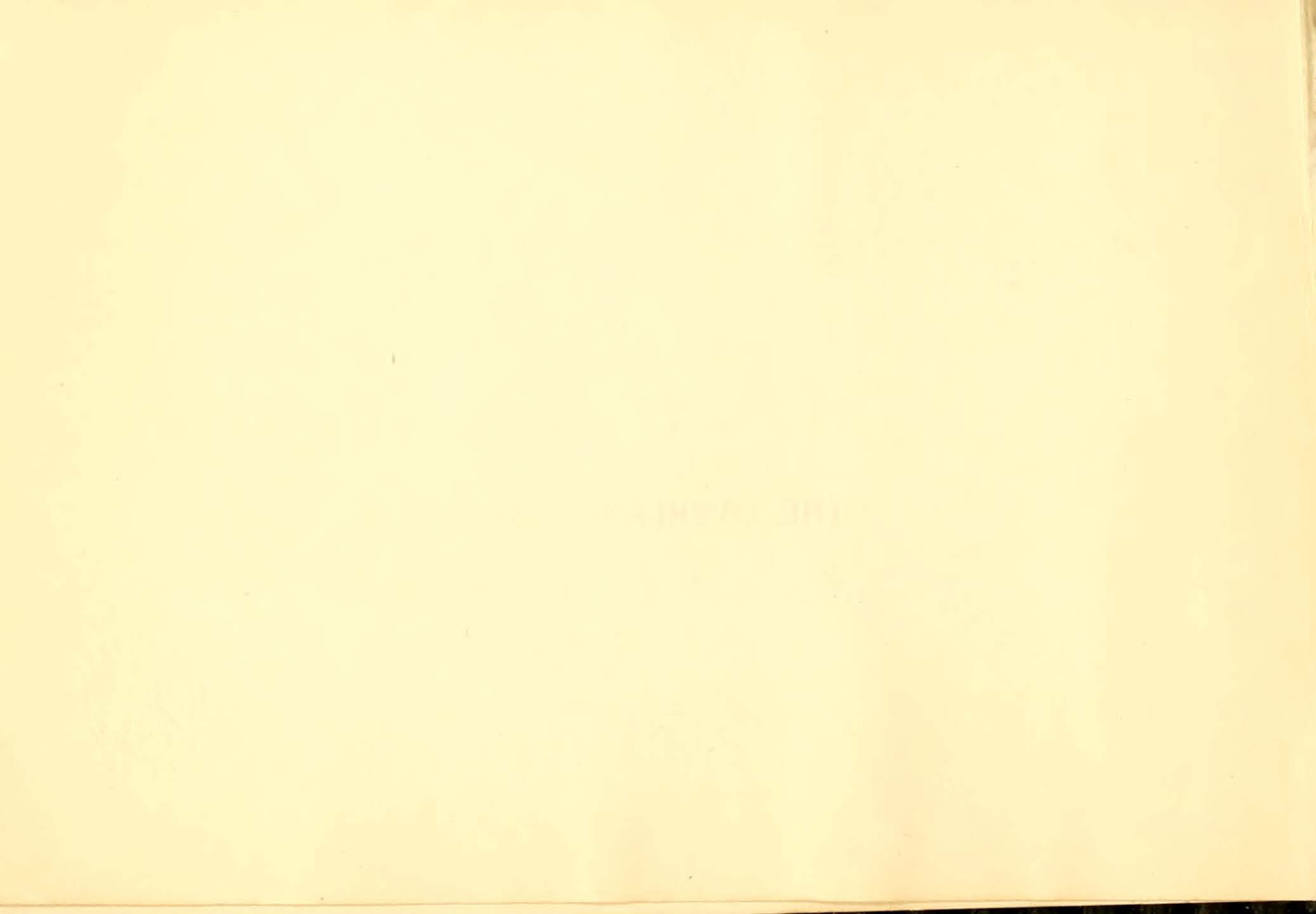


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SOUVENIR AND VIEWS

En
Route
to $\frac{4}{3354}$
California

OF UNION PACIFIC

“THE OVERLAND ROUTE”

Edward L. Lomax

THE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

[THIRD EDITION]

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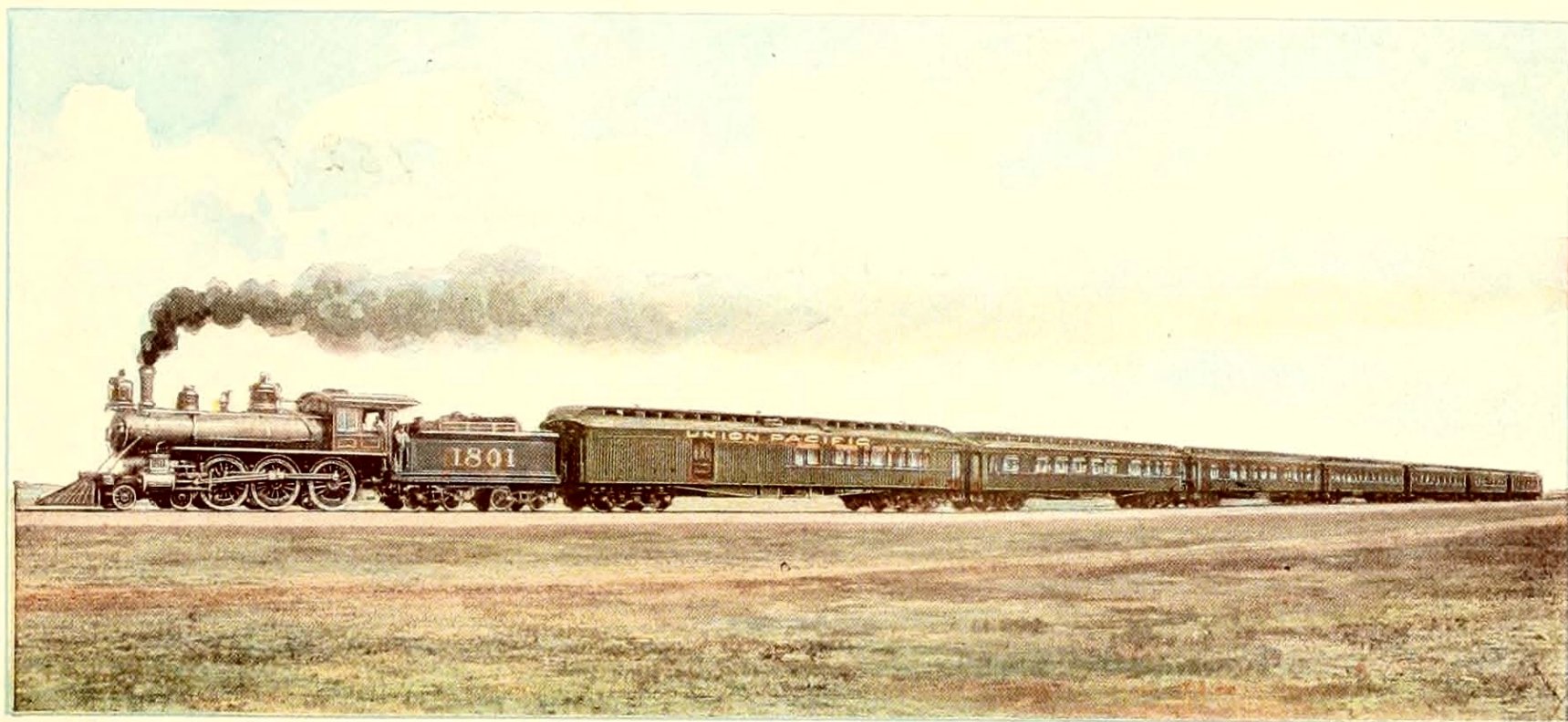
E. L. LOMAX,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent

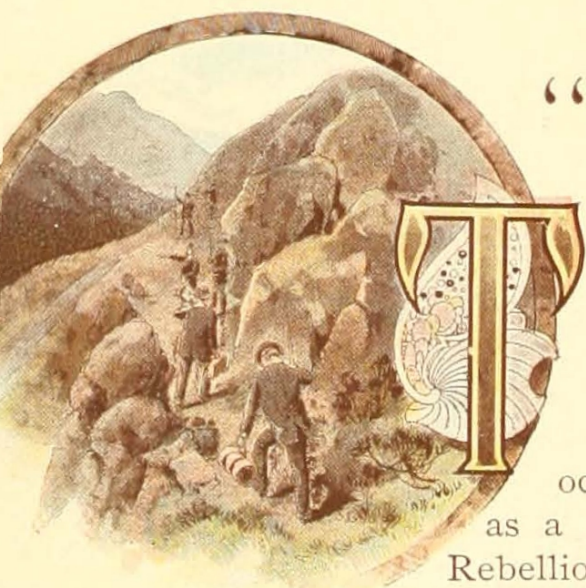
Union Pacific Railroad,

Omaha, Neb.

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"THE OVERLAND LIMITED."
THE FAMOUS UNION PACIFIC TRAIN, RUNNING TO CALIFORNIA IN TWO NIGHTS
FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER.
See Page 62.

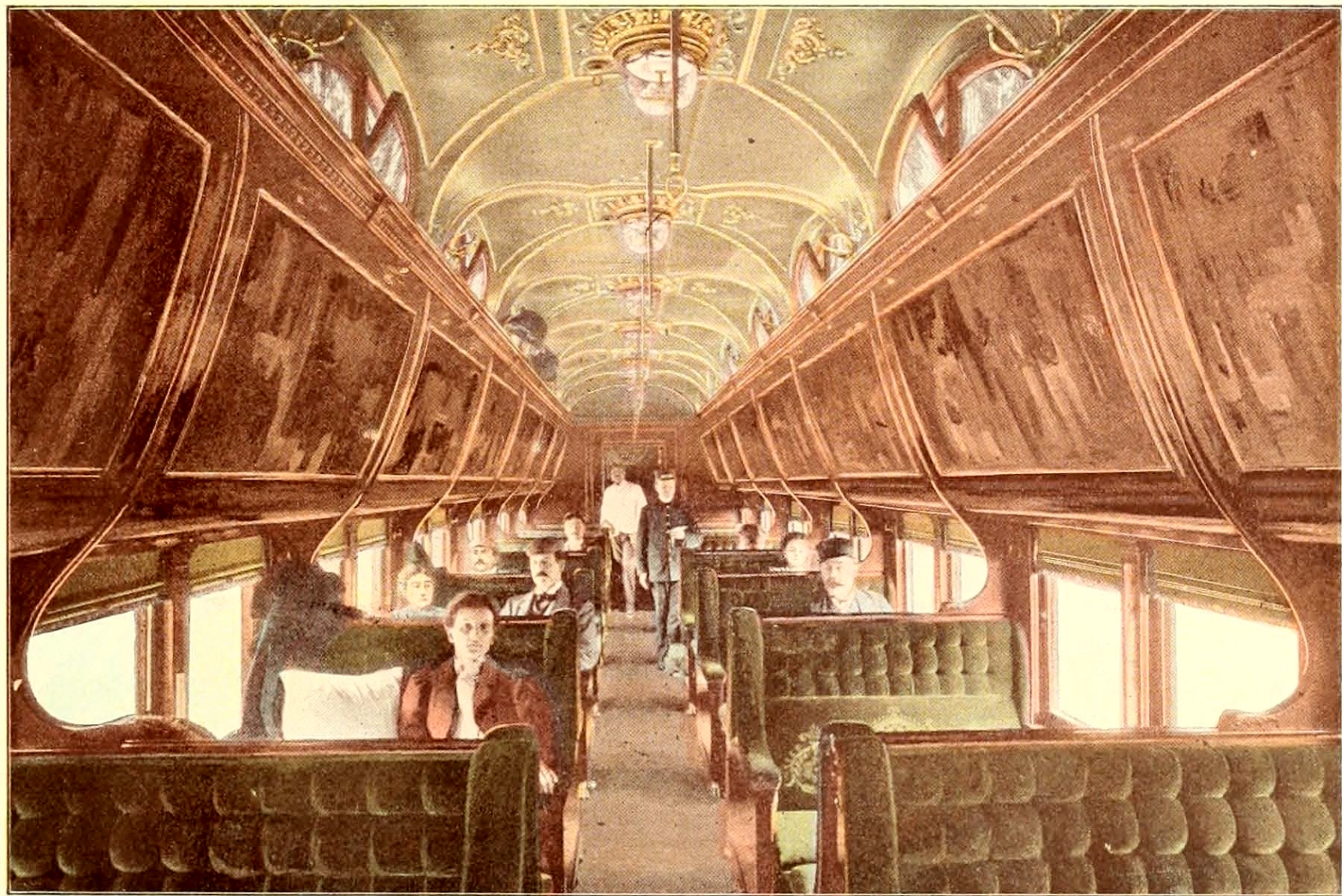


“VIA UNION PACIFIC”

THIS great national highway is so well known, not only throughout the United States, but all over the world, that a mere reference to it would seem sufficient, yet for the benefit of those who have never had the pleasure of crossing the continent via this historic route, the following description is given:

It formed a part of the first transcontinental line of railroad from ocean to ocean, and was conceived, and its construction authorized, as a war measure, the needs of the Government during the war of the Rebellion having clearly shown the necessity for it. When first talked of, many thought the feat of constructing a line of railroad over the Rocky Mountains an utter impossibility. Many of those who had crossed the plains, deserts, and mountains to California in 1849-50 *knew* very well a railroad could not be built there, for “how could a locomotive ascend a mountain where six yoke of oxen could scarcely haul a wagon?”

Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, in the Senate Chamber of the United States, February 7, 1849, spoke thus: “The road I propose is necessary to us—and now. The title to Oregon is settled, and a government established there. California is acquired, people are there, and a government must follow. We own the country from sea to sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi,

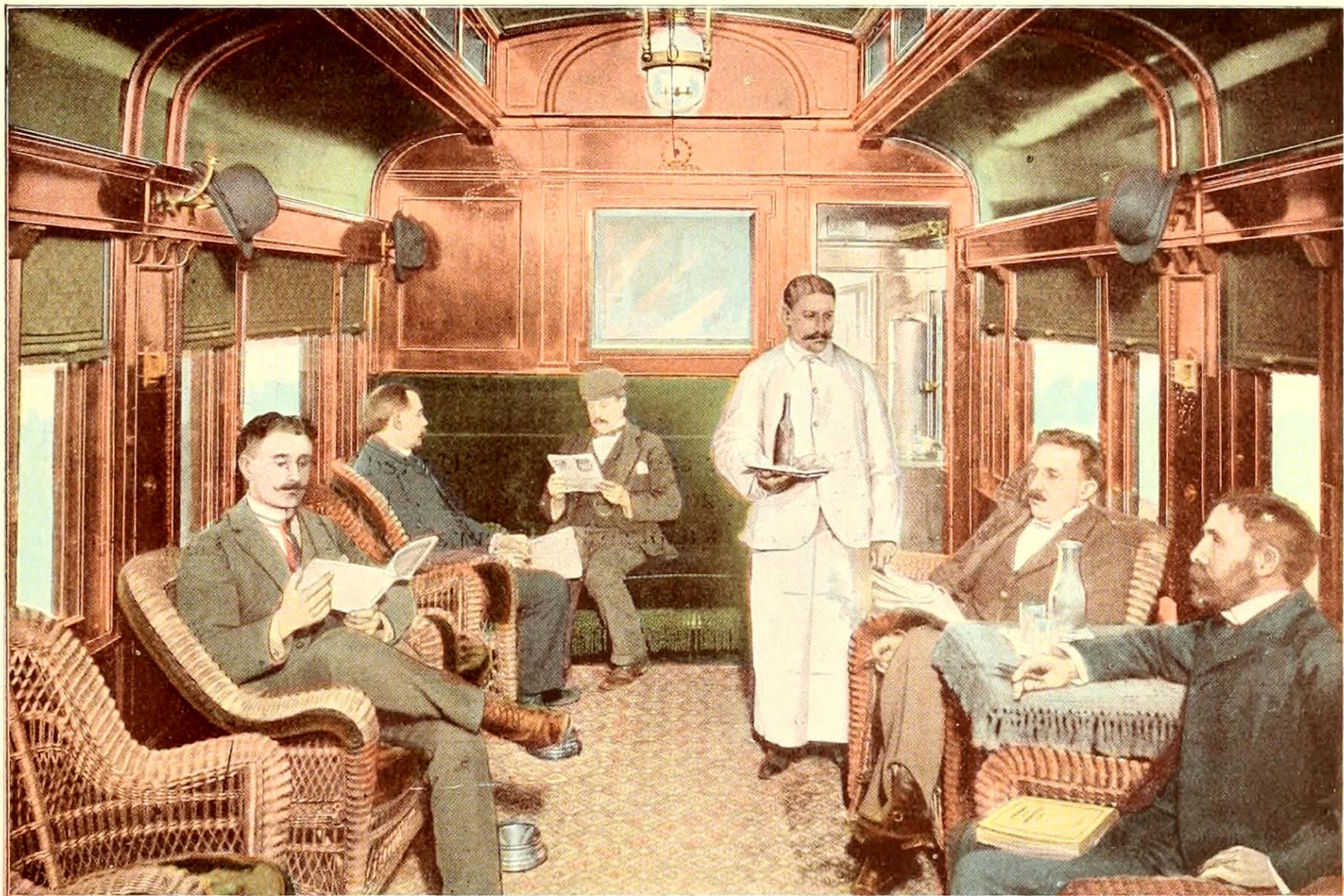


INTERIOR PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CAR, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

and embracing the whole temperate zone. We can run a road through and through, the whole distance, under our flag and under our laws. An American road to India, through the heart of our country, will revive upon its line all the wonders of which we have read, and eclipse them. The Western wilderness, from the Pacific to the Mississippi, will start into life at its touch. Let us act up to the greatness of the occasion, and show ourselves worthy of the extraordinary circumstances in which we are placed, while we can. An American road to India—central and natural—for ourselves and our posterity, now and hereafter, for thousands of years to come.” *

People who thought for a long time that the whole scheme was wild and visionary, began after awhile to realize that out West, on the “Great American Desert,” an extremely interesting enterprise was afoot, and that whatever came of it, one thing was certain, the world had never seen railroad building on so grand a scale, under such overpowering disadvantages, and at such a rapid rate of progress. It opened fresh fields to the newspaper correspondents, and a theme of uncommon interest for the press. After the first year the newspapers of the country began to be filled with accounts of the progress of the work, with descriptions of the methods pursued in construction, and the physical aspect of the country traversed. Public interest had gradually been wrought up in this way to such an extent that during the last year of construction it was the prominent topic; and the progress made in track laying was telegraphed all over the country each day. It culminated on May 10, 1869, when in all the large cities in the Union business stood still while the telegraph clicked the blows of the hammer that drove the last spike.

* This is the road—the Union Pacific—“The Overland Route.”



BUFFET SMOKING AND LIBRARY CAR, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

It must be remembered that the line of this road follows, with a few deviations, the old emigrant wagon road, not only on the plains on the north side of the Platte River, through the State of Nebraska, but in fact all the way to Ogden, Utah. In the days of '49-50, when long trains of gold seekers, after outfitting at Council Bluffs, wended their way over the plains, the country was filled with hostile Indians, herds of buffalo, deer, and antelope. There was scarcely a house west of the Elkhorn River, within twenty miles of Omaha. Now the traveler sits in a luxurious Pullman car, and is carried over the smooth railroad at more than forty miles an hour. There can be seen thousands of acres of rich agricultural land under cultivation by the farmer, immense areas of excellent grazing land at the disposal of the stock-raiser, growing cities and towns offering unequalled opportunities for capital and location of industries, unsurpassed by older sections of the United States. Even the great mountains of the West, which we pass, are now opened and have become the source of large fortunes to many. It is a pleasant occupation, as one is whirled thus swiftly along, to close his eyes and let the present aspect of prosperity and thriftiness roll away, and call up scenes of early days which have now passed into the history of this country:

A long train of covered wagons, or prairie schooners, hauled by weary looking oxen, which find a scanty subsistence on the tufts of buffalo grass, the only feed for stock. In the wagons the women and children—a led horse, a faithful dog or two, and clouds of dust accompanying the procession.





MAIN LINE OF UNION PACIFIC, WOOD RIVER, NEB.,
Ballasted with the Famous Sherman Gravel.

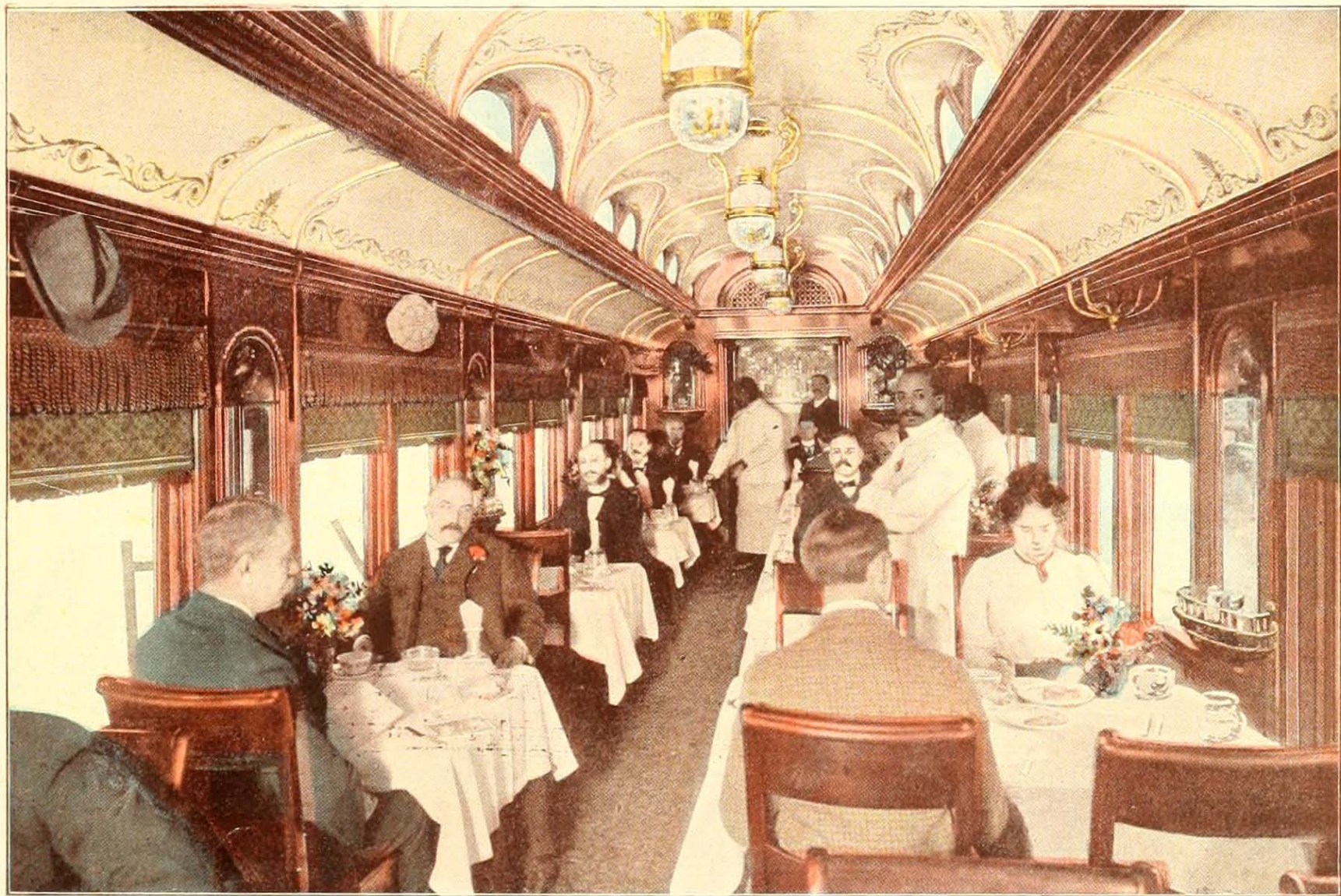
At nightfall fires gleam brightly where brush is obtainable; and the picket guard established lest the thieving Indians, constantly lurking around, should stampede the stock or make an attack on the emigrants, murder them all, and rob and pillage the train. Herds of buffalo come down from the uplands to slake their thirst in the waters of the Platte River, and the solitude of night is broken by the shrill bark of coyotes which hang around the camp to feast upon the debris.

But the days of weary travel are over. Swiftly moving trains carry the traveler more miles in one hour than the emigrants made in two days.

THE UNION PACIFIC The Union Pacific is one of the best railroads in
HAS America. Its two main stems — one from Kansas City and Leavenworth, the other from Council Bluffs and Omaha — uniting at Cheyenne and diverging again at Granger, one for Portland and one for San Francisco, are crowded with the commerce of the Orient and the Occident, while people from every nation in the world may be seen on its passenger trains. Every improvement which human ingenuity has invented for the safety or comfort of the traveler is in use on the Union Pacific Railroad, and it has been operated so many years (having been finished in 1869) that all weak points at all assailable by the elements have been protected, and a trip over it is perfectly safe at all seasons of the year. For nearly 500 miles west of Council Bluffs and 700 miles west of Kansas City there are no heavy grades or curves, and it is ballasted with the famous Sherman gravel.



The Oldest Inhabitant.



INTERIOR DINING CAR, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

LEAVING
COUNCIL BLUFFS
AND OMAHA.

Crossing the Missouri River from the Transfer Depot, Council Bluffs, over a magnificent steel bridge of eleven spans, 75 feet above the water, each span 250 feet long, resting upon immense stone piers, Omaha is reached, and the trip across the continent to the Pacific Coast is commenced. This metropolis of the West—Omaha—has now 150,000 inhabitants. From a mud hole Omaha has become one of the best paved cities in the West. It has all the substantial and modern improvements of the times, and abounds in business palaces of brick, stone, and iron, with smelting furnaces, grain elevators, packing houses, distilleries, immense stock and lumber yards, machine shops and foundries, as well as scores of manufactories of all kinds. According to the census of 1890, it had a population of 140,452; the population in 1880 was 30,518. Leaving Omaha, the train climbs

over 100 feet in the first four miles, and we commence the journey from Missouri River to the "Rockies" over "The Great Plains," a wonderful geological formation, which to be appreciated must be seen. Geologists tell us that at one time, ages back, here was the bed of a prehistoric ocean. Those who whirl by on "The Overland Limited" and look upon "The Great Plains" as unworthy of attention, may well recall the words of that great scientist, Agassiz, who thus describes this wonderful region traversed by the Union Pacific Railroad: "That grandest of all glacial deposits, 'The Great Plains,' 500 miles wide and 1,000 miles long, stretching from river to



Waiting Room in New Omaha Station.



UNION PACIFIC BRIDGE (EAST ENTRANCE), ONLY DOUBLE TRACK STEEL BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER.

See Page 12.

mountain, * * a magnificent earth ocean, rolling up in beautiful green billows, along the shores of the continental mountains that border it." Immense herds of buffalo, "the oldest inhabitant," formerly ranged at will over "The Great Plains," but to-day they have given place to the fat kine of civilization, and the tinkle of the village bell calls the lowing herd from the rolling prairies.

Leaving Kansas City or Leavenworth via the Kansas main line, one passes through some of the finest farming land of the West, and a succession of thriving cities and towns. First Lawrence, Topeka, the capital of the State, Junction

LEAVING City, and other thriving towns. From Ellsworth to the boundary KANSAS CITY line of the State one passes through what a very few years ago appeared on all school geographies as the Great American Desert—considered a hopeless waste, forever devoted to jack rabbits, prairie dogs, and buffaloes; but as one rolls along at a speed of forty miles an hour in a Pullman car, he now sees a succession of prosperous communities, and the fields of corn extend as far as the eye can reach. Just west of Ellis one of the finest grazing regions in the world is entered.

The descent is rapid into Denver,
DENVER. 639 miles from Kansas City,
having a population of about
180,000. Denver is the queen city of the mountains
and capital of Colorado, the Centennial State. The



Union Passenger Station, Denver.

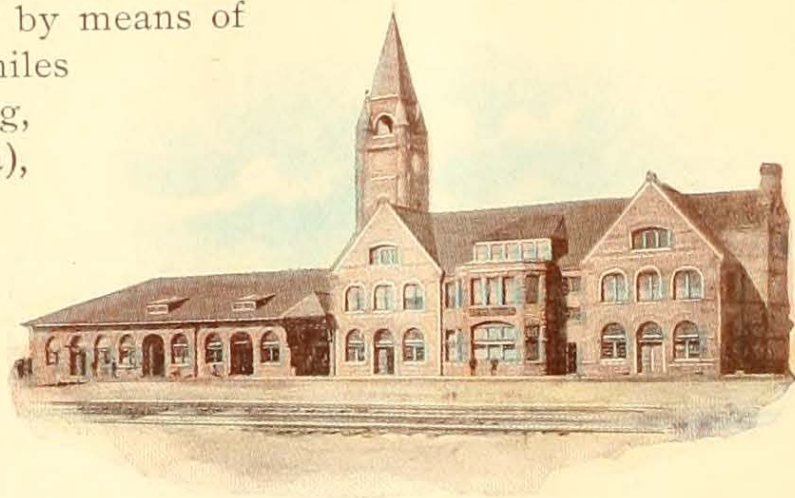


VIEW OF NEW UNION STATION AT OMAHA.

elevation is 5,170 feet above sea level. The city was the base of supply for the mountain towns at the time of the famous Pike's Peak gold excitement, long before the Union Pacific had even been started—when the plains were dotted with the now almost obsolete prairie schooner, each bearing the legend "To Pike's Peak or Bust." The gold excitement died out, but soon the wonderful richness of the other mineral resources of Colorado became known, and since then the growth of Denver has been phenomenal. The dry climate of Colorado is said to be unrivaled for all diseases of the lungs, if the patient goes there in time. The trip from Denver to Cheyenne, Wyoming, along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, affords a kaleidoscopic panorama of hills, fields, farms, rivers, running brooks, and lofty mountains. Here the eastern traveler for the first time sees fields of alfalfa of a deep green color, grown by the aid of irrigating ditches, the water for which is brought down from the mountains in

large canals, and thence distributed by means of
CHEYENNE. smaller ditches. The run of 107 miles

from Denver to Cheyenne, Wyoming, is quickly made. At Cheyenne (516 miles from Omaha), the capital of Wyoming, the Kansas main line via Denver connects with the Nebraska main line from Council Bluffs. Cheyenne, with an altitude of 6,050 feet, and with a population of 12,000, is one of the sprightliest and most prosperous cities in the entire West. It is well and compactly built, and for many



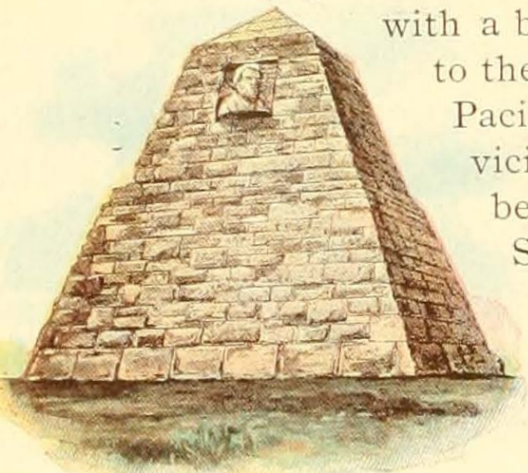
Union Pacific Passenger Station at Cheyenne.



VIEW OF UNION DEPOT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

years has been the center of the cattle industry of the Northwest. Cheyenne was once a wild town, but is now a well-regulated city, with many fine stores and handsome residences. It constituted for a long time, the outpost of civilization, becoming embodied in the legends of border life, and is a place of rare historical interest. Here, the Union Pacific has erected a handsome depot, at a cost of about \$80,000, and it is one of the finest depots west of Chicago. Five miles from the city is Fort Russell, one of the largest military posts in the West. Cheyenne is situated at the base of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and is distant 516 miles from Omaha and 746 miles from Kansas City.

After leaving Cheyenne, the train climbs a grade of 2,000 feet in thirty-three miles to Sherman, 8,247 feet above sea level, and the highest point of the transcontinental ride between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. From Sherman can be seen Long's Peak, sixty miles away. The Ames Monument, a pyramidal granite structure sixty-five feet in height, with a base sixty feet square, was erected at Sherman by the Union Pacific to the memory of the Ames brothers, to whom the completion of the Union Pacific was largely due. Hippopotamus Rock is one of the sights of the vicinity, while the Red Buttes, an object of interest to the tourist, lie just beyond the station. The scenery is wild and rugged. Just west of Sherman is Dale Creek Bridge, one of the most remarkable sights of the overland trip. The structure is of iron, 650 feet long from bluff to bluff, and 126 feet high, over Dale Creek. From the bridge the little stream looks like a tangled silver thread as it glistens in the



Ames Monument.



"TIE" SIDING CANON, ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

sun's brilliant light, which is sifted through the cañon crags and iron netting of the bridge far down into the green little valley—a valley where at times can be gathered countless wild flowers of nearly every variety and hue. Pike's Peak can be seen away off to the south, not less than 165 miles distant.

In passing down the mountain from Sherman, and to the westward, one can see Medicine Bow Mountain, whose peaks rise to a height of 12,200 feet and are covered with perpetual snow. Medicine Peak is the highest, and is in the midst of great forests, crystal streams, and precipitous mountains. (See page 21.)

Looking south and west, from Tie Siding, one can see in the distance a few of the grotesque monuments on Sand Creek, a place unknown to the tourist, but a region of rare interest, and one that before long will equal, if not surpass, the Garden of the Gods in Colorado.*

In looking northward, when from twenty to thirty miles north of Laramie, one can see the crest of Laramie Peak, the old landmark that guided the early travelers across the plains and mountains. Laramie, twenty-two miles west of Sherman, often called the "Gem City of the Rockies," has an elevation of 7,149 feet above sea level, and a population LARAMIE. of about 6,000. It is one of the principal towns on the main line of the Union Pacific between Council Bluffs and Ogden. It is situated on Big Laramie River, fifty-seven miles northwest of Cheyenne, and is an important market for wool. Its schools are good, and the University of Wyoming and the United States Penitentiary are located here. Just southeast of the town is located the State fish hatchery at Soldier Springs. This has a capacity of hatching half a million trout at a time, and

* See "*A Grotto*," page 27.



MEDICINE PEAK, WEST OF SHERMAN, WYOMING, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
See Page 20.

with these the streams and lakes of Wyoming are being rapidly stocked with the finest food fish of the world.

The great Laramie Plains, which stretch away for miles on either side, are of great interest. Between Laramie and Rawlins, Elk Mountain is constantly in sight. This mountain

is about 11,000 feet high, and is the terminus of the Medicine

THE GREAT Bow Mountains. Another famous landmark is Chimney Rock, a LARAMIE PLAINS. few miles southwest of Laramie. But few people have any idea, as they are whirled over the mountain ranges, the deep cañons, fertile plains, and great deserts of Wyoming, that they are in the midst of one of the greatest treasure-locked regions of the entire world. What are these treasures? They are the remains of huge reptiles, so large that only those with a vivid imagination can form any adequate idea of their size; huge mammals of elephantine dimensions, mingled with numerous orders of large animals that have long been extinct; besides such as camels, rhinoceroses, dogs, cats, elephants, and monkeys; great sea monsters that were truly sea serpents; fishes that compare favorably with the finny tribe of our great lakes; shell-fish almost innumerable, and fossil leaves that prove that in early ages Wyoming was densely clothed with trees of tropical and semi-tropical verdure. Wyoming is the geological wonderland of the world. Within the confines of the big Western State are the most extensive and fertile fossil fields known. Its sagebrush plains are, indeed, one vast prehistoric burying ground, and Science has summoned them to give up their dead. Wyoming is the resting place of the petrified bones of the largest land animals that ever lived. After already



CHIMNEY ROCK, NEAR LARAMIE, WYOMING, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
See Page 22.

bequeathing to geological science the rarest of fossil treasures, the State is again writing a strange chapter in the world's geological history by unearthing the petrified bones of the most colossal animal ever taken from the earth's strata. Work of collecting from this geological wonderland commenced in the '40s, and, during the years since, Wyoming has been a favored collecting ground for the leading geologists and paleontologists of the entire country. The early expeditions encountered the treacherous Sioux, but were not baffled, though they had to "outfit" on the Missouri River and travel 400 miles or more by team before entering the field. The advent of the Union Pacific Railroad added vigor to the research work, and from that day to this not a season has passed but several expeditions have spent the summer in the Wyoming fields.*

Eighty-three miles west of Laramie is Carbon, in the coal regions, a town of considerable importance, having a population of about 800.

North of Rawlins, from twenty-five to forty miles, are the Ferris Mountains, which are well known for their coal and iron mines, and have worthy prospects of gold, copper, and lead.

Rawlins, fifty-three miles farther west, a town of 2,800 people, is named after Gen. John A. Rawlins, chief of staff for General Grant during the war, and afterward Secretary of War during Grant's first term as President.

* In June last the Union Pacific Railroad Company issued a large number of invitations to colleges, universities, and museums doing work in geology, to participate in an exploring and collecting tour through the fossil fields of Wyoming. Fifty-two institutions of learning and research, from California to Massachusetts, and from Minnesota to Texas, were represented in this expedition, which offered so great an opportunity for geological observation and study. Over seventy tons of fossils were collected during this trip.



ELK MOUNTAIN, WYOMING, SEEN AT MANY POINTS BETWEEN RAWLINS AND LARAMIE,
ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

See Page 22.

Sixty miles south of Rawlins is Grand Encampment, the famous mining district. This, not long ago, was a wild waste, a primeval forest of cataracts, of somber cañons and mountain crags, the habitation alone of the American eagle, of elk, deer, antelope, and bear—to-day it is the Mecca of the hopes of a million people. Gold, for which millions of the earth have “sweat, bled, and died,” was not supposed to have its treasure vaults in this portion of the “Great Rockies,” whose mastodon, rock-bound ribs rise thousands of feet above the flight of sea gulls.

Separated from civilization by mountain barriers for a hundred miles to the east, west, and south—here, in the very heart of the foothills of the Sierra Madre range of the Continental Divide—is thought to have been discovered one of the world’s greatest gold fields. A stage line has been constructed fifty-five miles in a due southerly direction to the town of Grand Encampment.

Thirty miles west of Rawlins is Continental Divide (altitude 7,100 feet). Standing on this wild spot, surrounded by few evidences of vegetation, this little sign marks the center of the grandest range of mountains on the continent.

To the north the Sweet Water Mountains rear their rugged heights. Still farther the Wind River Mountains close the scene in the dim distance, their summits robed in snow. To the southward rise rugged outposts of the Rockies, along the northern base of which our train will run nearly fifty miles.

One hundred and twenty-one miles west of Rawlins is Rock Springs. In this locality



A GROTTO NEAR TIE SIDING, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
See Page 20.

there are immense coal beds, and this is the place made famous by the massacre of Chinese laborers a few years ago.

Fifteen miles west of Rock Springs is Green River; elevation, 6,077 feet; 1,075 miles distant from Kansas City, and 847 miles distant from Council Bluffs. Green River is the end of a division, and has a population of about 1,300. There are many objects of interest in and around Green River, among which are the peculiar clay buttes by which it is surrounded.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO PORTLAND AND TO SAN FRANCISCO. Here the trains for Portland, Oregon, via the Oregon Short Line Railroad, are made up, although they do not make their departure from the main line until Granger is reached (thirty miles west of Green River), where the trip across the continent is continued to the great Northwest. (*See "Union Pacific Souvenir and Views en route to Oregon."*) From Green River the trip across the continent to San Francisco is continued. Three miles west of Green River is Fish Cut. Green River Buttes are objects of interest, and are within sight for miles.

Granger, thirty miles west of Green River, has within a period of forty years been at times a noted and busy place. A Mr. Granger fathered the ranch for over twenty years. At first it was a Mormon trading-post with both Indians and pilgrims. Being situated at the junction of the South Pass and Bitter Creek wagon roads from the East to Salt Lake via Fort Bridger, where good feed and water could be had, it became a general lying-over and resting point for emigrants and freighters.

To the south rise in plain view the Uintah Mountains, fully 100 miles away. Their dark

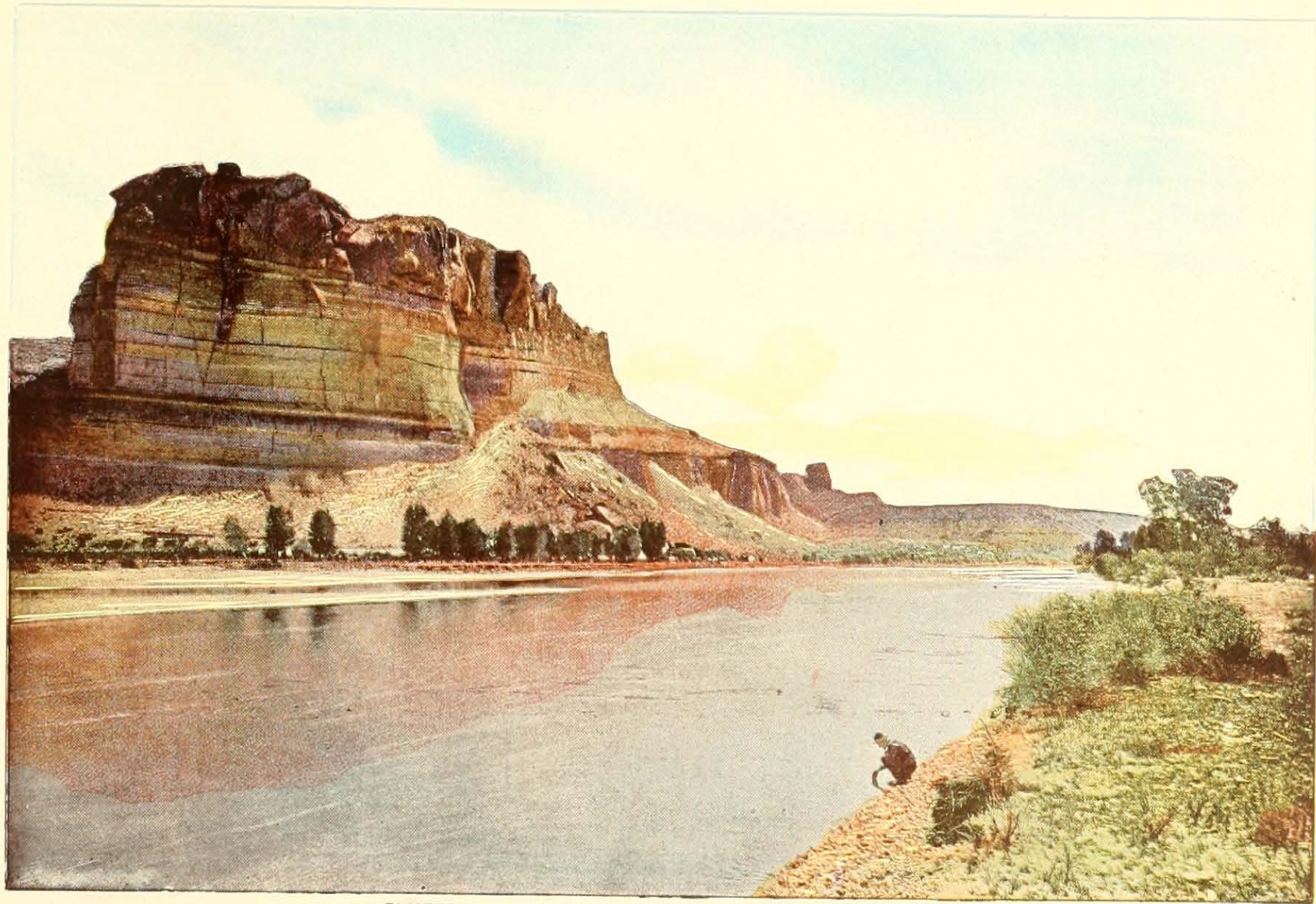


GREEN RIVER BLUFFS, WYOMING, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
See Page 28.

sides indicate forests of timber, while on their summits the snow ever rests. The valley of the Beaver lies at the northern base of the range, is settled, and is one of the most productive sections of the Territory. Corn, potatoes, vegetables, and small grains grow and yield abundantly. Jim Bridger and other trappers of the American Fur Company made this valley their headquarters as early as 1825.

After passing Granger, Evanston, the last town of importance in Wyoming, with a population of 2,800, is soon reached. It is situated just half-way between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean — Omaha and San Francisco. The citizens of Evanston are mostly engaged in coal mining, coke burning, lumbering, and stock raising. The railroad company has a large roundhouse, extensive machine shops for repairs, large freight buildings, and one of the largest station hotels on the system. At Wasatch Station, the summit of the Wasatch range of mountains is reached. The elevation is 6,824 feet, and at this point the road reaches Echo Creek, which runs through the cañon. Echo Creek is crossed thirty-one times in twenty-six miles. Three and a half miles west of Wasatch the train runs into a tunnel 900 feet long.

The Wasatch Mountains, Utah, are unsurpassed in magnificent cañons, and there are a dozen of the grandest within easy reach of Salt Lake City and Ogden; not one of these but invites the tourist to spend days, weeks, or months of healthful pleasure among their wild recesses, to fish, to hunt, to scale the peaks and ridges, or to gather wild flowers by the sides of mossy springs, beneath the shadows of umbrageous pines. Even to those whose eyes behold the mountains all the year round, their great passes with their stupendous walls of naked rocks, their charming glens, their groves of pine and aspen, their nooks and corners of sylvan solitude,



BLUFFS OF GREEN RIVER, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

See Page 28.

offer irresistible attractions, so that every summer sees half the city populace leaving dull care behind to go to the mountains and enjoy the delicious coolness of the days and nights.

Echo Cañon, through which the train now winds its way (between Echo and Wasatch stations), is a superb defile. Says an English traveler: "It moves along like some majestic poem in a series of incomparable stanzas. There is nothing like it in the Himalayas that I know of, nor in the Suliman Range. In the Bolan Pass, on the Afghan frontier, there are intervals of equal sublimity; and even as a whole it may compare with it. But taken for all in all—its length (some thirty miles), its astonishing diversity of contour, its beauty, as well as its grandeur—I confess that Echo Cañon is one of the masterpieces of Nature."

The enthusiasm of this writer is no exaggeration, for rain, wind, and time have combined to destroy the massive walls of Echo but in vain. Centuries have come and gone, and still the mighty walls of Echo remain, bidding defiance alike to time and elements—pillar and column, dome and spire, still standing boldly forth in all their grand and entrancing beauty to fill the mind of the beholder with wonder and awe.

On the north side of the track a long line of sandstone bluffs appears. CASTLE ROCKS. These bluffs bear the general name of "Castle Rocks," and in places are worn and torn away, until in the distance they have the appearance of old feudal castles. For a long distance these rocks line the cañon on the north side, their massive, jaggy points towering from 500 feet to 1,000 feet high.

Castle Rocks are some of the most perfect of all those striking objects in Echo Cañon,



ECHO CANON, UTAH, TRAVERSED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

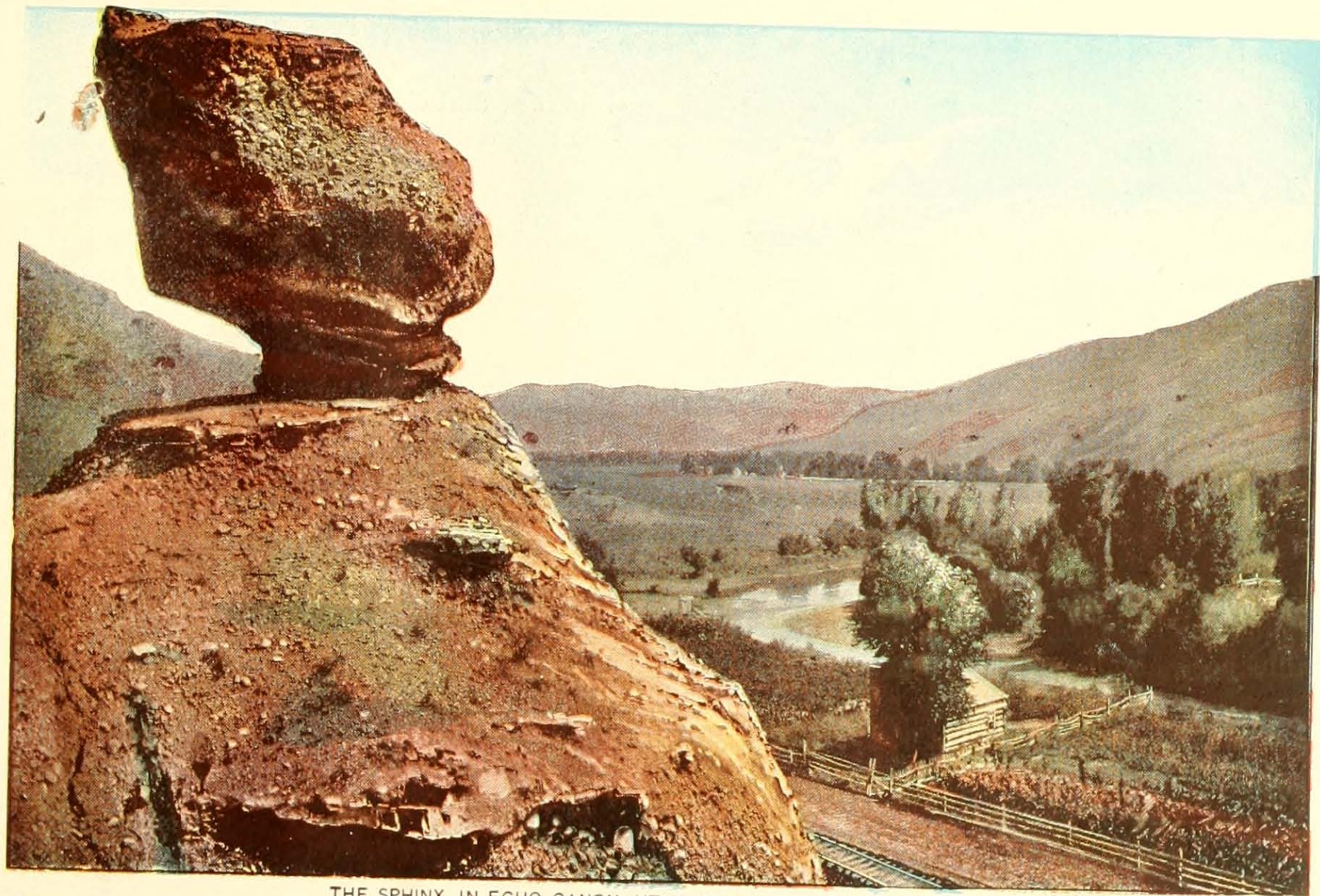
See Page 32.

whose vast proportions show them to be the work of Nature alone, and yet whose symmetrical forms and adherence to architectural rules seem to stamp them as the works of man.

The cliffs, as we approach from the west, are high, barren, and savage in form. In color also they change. Here they are almost a blood red color, while as we approach the head of the cañon they are of a yellowish gray, in some places even ashen. The slender stream creeping along beneath them is fringed with the hardy willow, and on every shelf, and up to the summits of the rocks the dwarf cedars have obtained a footing, their russet foliage and dark spots of shadow giving a mottled appearance to the landscape.

At one point we are carried past a chaos of tumbled rock; the whole face of a lofty cliff has fallen at once, leaving the part yet standing of a fresh bright hue that it will take a thousand years of summer sunshine and winter frost to tone back into the general color of the surrounding heights. One can well imagine the roar, the volume of sound, that went rolling across the hills when fell that mass.

From such a point of view as Hanging Rock, or the ridges above
HANGING ROCK. it, a much better idea of what one may term the tumultuousness of the surrounding country can be obtained than from the bed of the cañon. The earth is split by a score of transverse ravines, which extend like blue veins from the main artery and mar the face of the country with shadow; isolated columns, positive and brilliant in color, stand alone in their chromatic glory, without a visible connection with the main rock from which they were originally detached; odd groups of conglomerate, much like inverted wineglasses in shape, and plainly banded with several



THE SPHINX, IN ECHO CANON, UTAH, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
See Page 36.

strata of color, sprout like so many monstrous mushrooms ; and clasping all within their basin are the circling mountains of the Wasatch and Uintah ranges — silvered with perpetual snow on their acute summits, and beautifully blue where covered with pines. These two chains are among the most picturesque of all the western mountains. They fairly bristle with peaks and lateral ranges, and they soar from the plain at a bound, so to speak, without the concealment and dwarfing effect of foothills.

Two and a half miles west of Emory, on top of the bluff, is a rock called "Jack in the Pulpit," and farther on can be seen The Sphinx, and the heights of Echo Cañon, on top of which are the old Mormon fortifications, and Giant's Teapot, Great Eastern, and Steamboat Rocks, Utah. The traveler, as he stands by the ruins of the

GIANT'S TEAPOT, temples of the Nile or lingers in the caves of Elephantis,
GREAT EASTERN, AND feels crushed beneath the weight of years that have passed
STEAMBOAT ROCKS. — since their making. What then must he feel as he looks on
those towering walls of Echo Cañon ; those mighty carvings
— old ere the walls of Karnac were new, or the language of the Egyptians framed —
gigantic monoliths and inspiring masonry rising in tiers from one to a hundred feet in
thickness, and hanging at a dizzy altitude in the blue sky above his head.

Hurrying past castle, cathedral, towering column, and rugged
PULPIT ROCK, UTAH. battlement, passing lateral cañons which cut the walls from
crest to base in awful chasms, shooting over bridges and
flying past and under the overhanging walls, and finally round the cañon wall to the



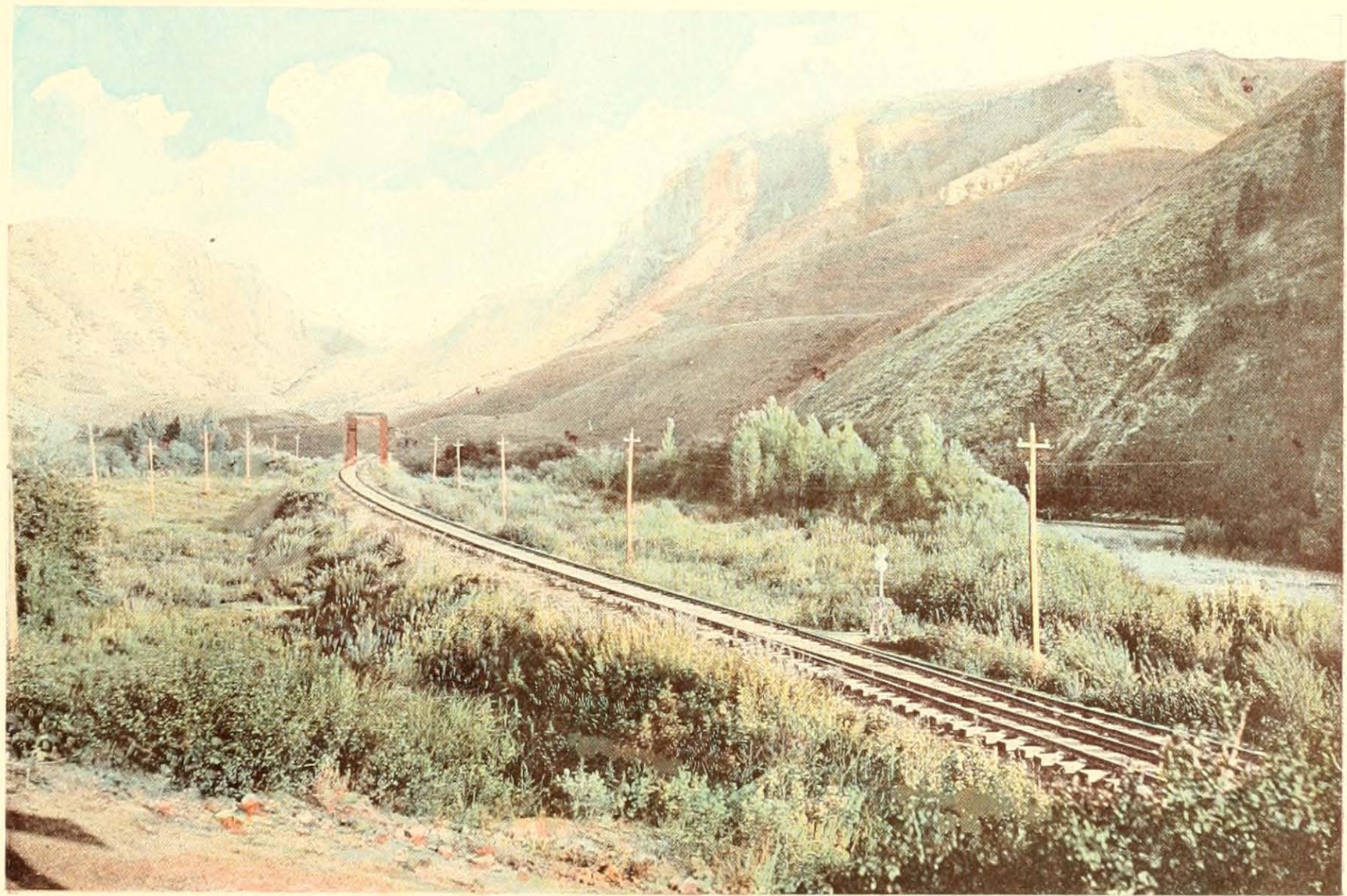
STEAMBOAT ROCKS, IN ECHO CANON, UTAH, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
See Page 36.

northward, into Echo Cañon and along Echo Creek, are seen the "Amphitheatre" and "Bromley Cathedral," and the noted Pulpit Rock, famous the world over. This is so called both from its shape and from the supposition that Brigham Young preached from it his first sermon in Utah, addressed to the pioneers, then on their way to Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

Echo Station, where Weber Cañon is entered, is situated on the
WEBER CAÑON. eastern bank of Weber River. Beyond the Weber rise the scattering tree, shrub, and grass covered slopes of the Wasatch Mountains, nearly 2,000 feet from the river bed; to the east rise cliffs, sheer 1,000 feet. Weber River rises in the Wasatch Mountains, about seventy miles south of Echo, and empties into Salt Lake, just below Ogden. The valley above Echo is very fertile and thickly settled.

Weber Cañon is one of the remarkable features of the road. For thirty-five miles, excepting now and then a little valley a few miles in width, the river rushes, foaming along, between two massive mountain walls. Now the torrent plunges over some mighty rock which has fallen from the towering cliff 1,000 feet above; anon, it whirls around in frantic struggles to escape from the boiling eddy, thence springing forward over a short, smooth rapid, only to repeat the plunge again and again, until it breaks forth into the plains, whence it glides away toward the lake, as though exhausted with its wild journey through the cañon.

"As on the Rhine," says an eloquent writer, "the long stretch of the river from Mainz to Cologne has been for years, by acknowledgment, the 'River,' so that portion of the Union Pacific through the Weber Cañon, lying between Ogden and Echo, in this northern part of Utah, will some day be that part of the journey across the center of the continent which will



WEBER CANON, UTAH, TRAVERSED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

See Page 38.

be especially regarded by the tourist as necessary to be seen beyond all others. It is one of the most celebrated of Western cañons. Long after the Pacific journey is as hackneyed to Europeans and Americans as the Rhine tour is now, this part will keep its freshness among the most marked scenes of the journey. It is a place which cities and settlements can not destroy."

THE
WITCHES' ROCKS,
UTAH.

Leaving Echo but a short distance, those peculiar red, yellow, and gray conglomerates—called "Witches' Rocks"—stand forth in some prominence on the side of the cliff to the right. These were first sketched by one Frederick Piercy, an English artist, who, in the first days of Mormon emigration, was employed by that church to illustrate "The Route." As he humorously admits, after stating that he named the group as a compliment to the ladies, it is doubtful, after all, if the fair sex will accept as a compliment the naming of such an odd assemblage in their honor.

ONE THOUSAND
MILE TREE.

Entering the first narrows of the cañon, the 1,000-Mile Tree is passed, standing on the south side of the track—a thrifty, branching pine—bearing a legend, swinging from one of the lower limbs, that tells the western-bound traveler that he has passed over 1,000 miles of railroad from Omaha. The famous tree has long marked this place. Long before the hardy Mormons passed down the wild gorges, long before the great Overland Route was dreamed of, it stood a lonely sentinel amid the silent desolation. Just below this tree, the cars cross a trestle bridge to the left bank of the Weber, thence down but a short distance, before they cross over another trestle to the right-hand side, and then, almost opposite the bridge, on the



WITCHES' ROCKS, IN WEBER CANON, UTAH, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

See Page 40.

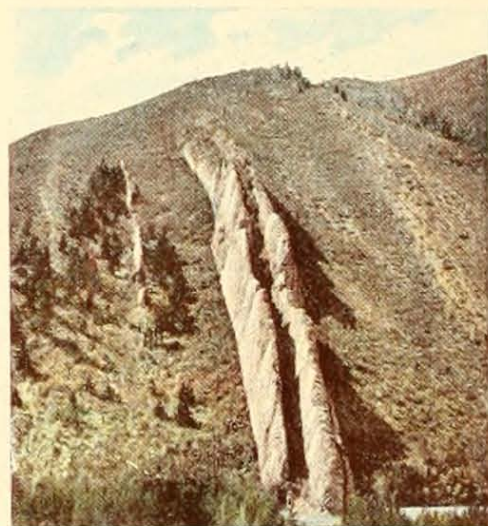
side of the mountain to the left, can be seen the famous Devil's Slide, or serrated rocks. This slide is composed of two ridges of granite rock,

THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

reaching from the river nearly to the summit of a sloping, grass-clad mountain. They are from fifty to two hundred feet high, narrow slabs, standing on edge, as though forced out of the mountain side. The two ridges run parallel with each other — about ten feet apart, the space between being covered with grass, wild flowers, and climbing vines. This most wonderful of all natural curiosities is world-famous. It has been sketched and painted and photographed times without end; and truly it is a singular formation. It has been declared to be without grandeur, and this is true; it has no pretensions in this line, but its singularity makes it so conspicuous. Throughout the entire country, although there are a number of similar formations, there is nothing at all approaching it in fantastic appearance.

TUNNELS "NUMBER THREE" AND "NUMBER FOUR"

A short distance before reaching Croyden are Tunnels "Number Three" and "Number Four," among some of the highest, most vertical walls of Weber Cañon. The Weber River here swerves from side to side; one moment we see it dashing along by our side, at another it shoots away at right angles from our path to double some projecting bastion of the great rugged mountains. Here its waves are flowing away from us, and now they come forward, white and loud-voiced, to



The Devil's Slide.



1,000-MILE TREE, IN WEBER CANON, UTAH, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
See Page 40.

shoot beneath our feet, as we in turn dash out on one of the many bridges that cross the stream. The whistle is ever sounding, for the dusty road of the settler and the path of the iron steed cross and recross each other constantly.

Proceeding through the "Round Valley," a valley formed by nature as round and smooth as a race track, the Mormon town of Morgan is left behind, and Petersen, situated in the midst of the cañon, is seen as the train speeds along. Now between towering mountains the train rushes into a dark, gloomy gorge, when suddenly the whistle shrieks—the echo resounding from crag to crag—as it approaches the passes to the wild scenery of the Devil's

Gate. As may be inferred from the name, it is a gateway, the
THE DEVIL'S GATE, western entrance to Weber Cañon, a passage riven through the
UTAH. mountain. The Weber River comes roaring through the open
space, bringing with it a wind that never ceases. The train does

not pass through the gate, but crosses a trestle bridge directly in front, and thus we see the place better than if the train passed through. To get the strongest impression of the scene we should view its gloomy surroundings under the effect produced by a stormy sky; but it is always impressive, though more so when the storm clouds come dashing across the opening above, and are caught and are torn to pieces on the sharp crags of the mountain tops.

Passing the last and blackest of the buttresses which guard the entrance into Weber Cañon, we arrive at Uintah. The country widens into the Great Salt Lake Valley. The first view of the valley, after the surfeit of mountain scenery, is one of striking contrast, quiet and pleasant to the eye—with its broad plains and well-cultivated fields—where the traveler



DEVIL'S GATE, IN WEBER CANYON, UTAH, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

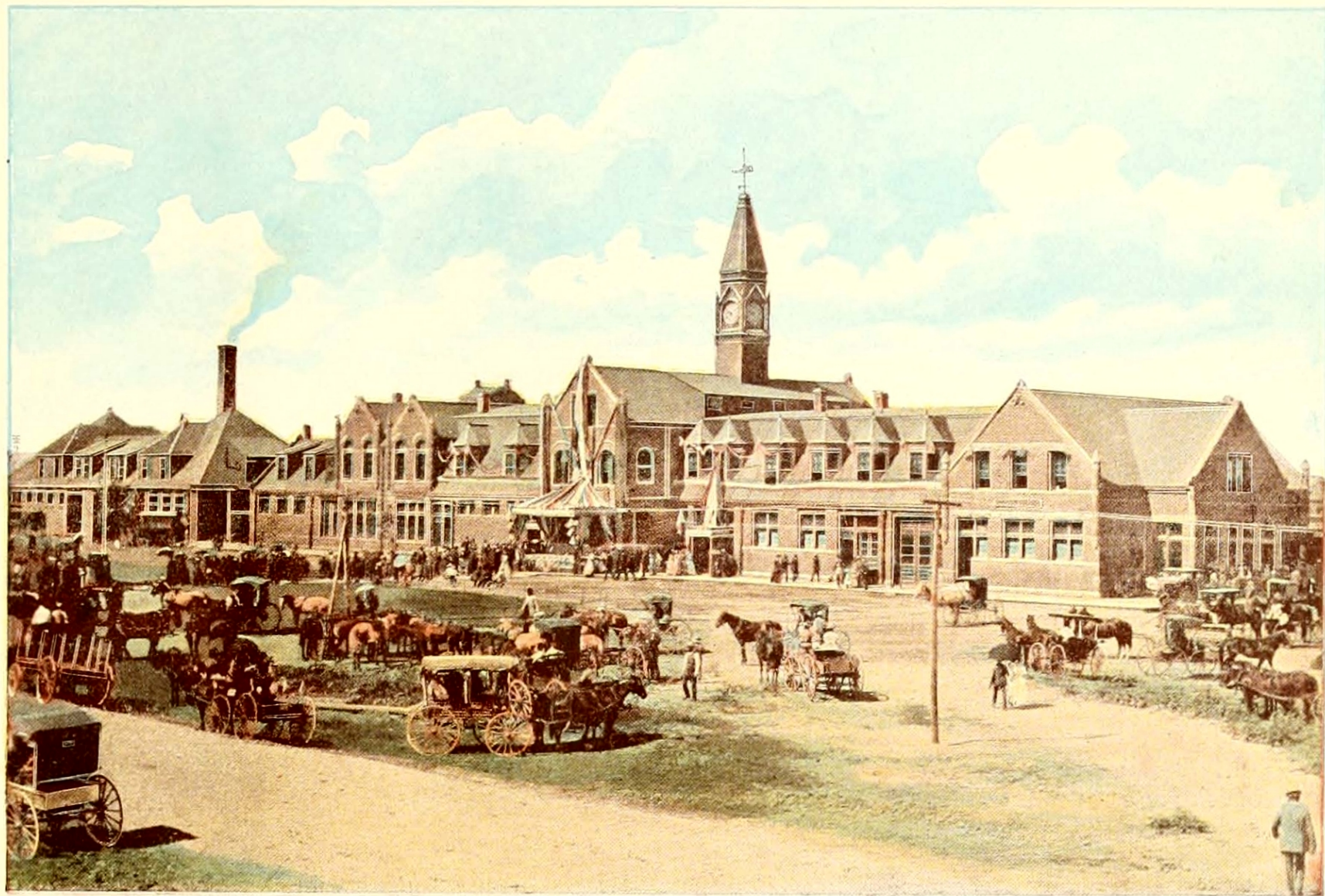
See Page 44.

is fairly in the Great Salt Lake Basin, having dropped 2,322 feet since leaving Wasatch. Near this station, in 1862, was the scene of the notorious Morriste massacre. From Uintah the route is through a country dotted with fertile and well-tilled farms, leading to Ogden and Salt Lake City.

The entrance of Ogden Cañon, or "mouth," as it is called in Western parlance, is plainly seen from the depot, with the cliffs beyond, that excite so much admiration from all tourists.

Three miles from the town, just before we enter between the rocky heights,
OGDEN we cross over a slight rise in the road, and get that much-vaunted bench view
CAÑON. of which all Ogdenites are so proud. It is a striking scene, and perhaps the most extensive and diverse piece of landscape to be seen on the entire trip across the continent. The valley of Ogden, with its two rivers, the Ogden and Weber, and the city itself, embowered in foliage, makes up the middle distance and foreground. The Great Salt Lake, with its many islands, stretches along the horizon.

Ogden is one of the western termini of the Union Pacific. It has an elevation of about 4,301 feet above the sea level, is 1,034 miles from Council Bluffs, 1,261 miles from Kansas City, and 833 miles from San Francisco. The scene from the depot is
OGDEN. picturesque enough in itself to claim attention, and it has been noticed by many. To the tourist there is something particularly striking in the motley assembly of onlookers that gather around the depots in our Western towns. In importance, as a commercial and railway center, Ogden is second in the State to Salt Lake City. Its people are wideawake and progressive, and its future is assured as one of the busy and



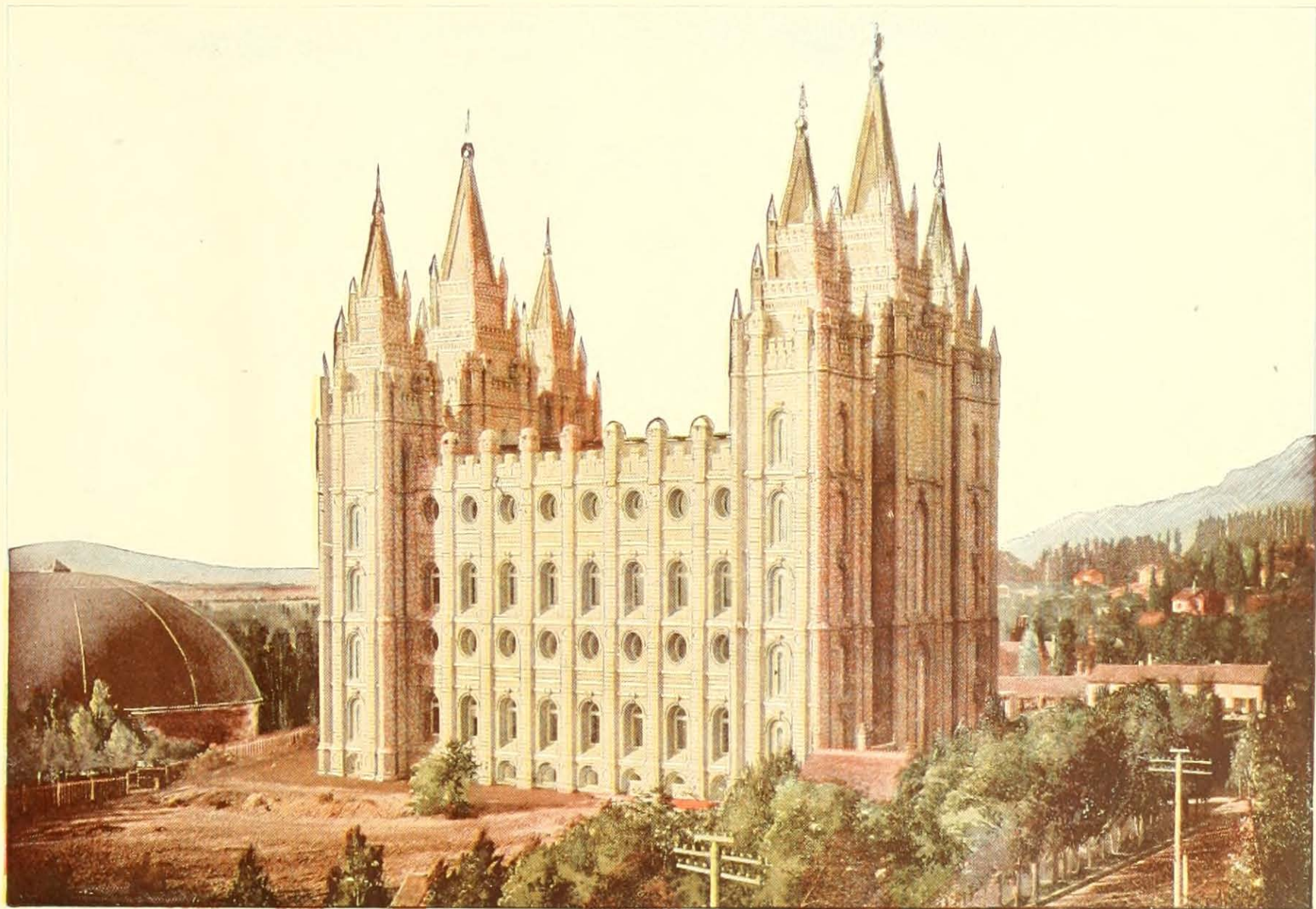
UNION DEPOT, OGDEN, UTAH, ON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

prosperous cities of the inter-mountain region. Passengers arriving, who desire to visit Salt Lake City — distance thirty-six miles — will find a train in waiting at the depot. It will leave as soon as mails, express, and baggage can be transferred, about thirty minutes. All trains arrive and depart from the west side of the new union depot. The trains of the Southern Pacific are usually made up and waiting when the trains of the Union Pacific arrive. It then usually requires about one hour to make all necessary transfers before starting — but it's well to see to procuring sleeping-car and other tickets, if required, and the transfer of your hand baggage, and getting located as soon as convenient.

Or "Zion," as the city is often called by the Mormon faithful, is one
SALT LAKE CITY, of the most beautifully and pleasantly located of cities. It is situated at the foot of a spur of the Wasatch Mountains, the northern limits extending on to the "bench" or upland which unites the plain with the mountain, and is reached from Ogden via the Oregon Short Line Railroad.

The streets are 132 feet wide (including sidewalks twenty feet wide), bordered with shade trees and laid out at right angles. Along each side of the street is a clear, cold stream of water from the mountain cañons, which, with the numerous shade trees, fruit orchards, and gardens surrounding every residence, gives the city an indescribable air of coolness, comfort, and repose.

The Temple is usually about the first object of interest that a traveler looks for on arriving in Salt Lake City. The dimensions of the foundations are $187\frac{1}{2} \times 99$ feet. The site of the Temple is in the center of the city on the bench land, and the eastern half



MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, REACHED VIA UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

of what is known as "Temple Block" — the Tabernacle and Assembly Building being on the western half.

The Temple Building is of white granite from Little Cottonwood Cañon; was commenced February 14, 1853, completed in 1893, and the cost has been not less than \$10,000,000.

The Tabernacle is an immense building — the first object one beholds on approaching the city. The building is oblong in shape, having a length of 250 feet from east to west, by 150 feet in width. The roof is supported by forty-six columns of cut sandstone, which, with the spaces between used for doors, windows, etc., constitute the wall. From these pillars or walls the roof springs in one unbroken arch, forming the largest self-sustaining roof on the continent, with one notable exception, the Grand Union Depot, New York. The ceiling of the roof is sixty-three feet above the floor. In one end of this egg-shaped building is the organ, the second in size in America. The Tabernacle is used for church purposes, as well as other large gatherings of the people, and will seat 13,000 people.

Garfield Beach is eighteen miles from Salt Lake City, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. During the season, trains run back and forth at frequent intervals during the day and evening. It is the only real sand beach on the lake, and is considered by many to be the finest in the world. It should be, and will be, the great resort of the continent. The waves are a bright blue or green, and as they dance on its surface, it would be hard to tell which color prevails. In the long sunny days of June, July, August, and September the water becomes delightfully warm, much warmer than the ocean. It is twenty-one per cent salt, while the ocean is only three per cent. The water is so dense that a person is sustained on its surface



BLACK ROCK, GREAT SALT LAKE, REACHED VIA UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

See Page 50.

indefinitely without effort. Experience has proven its great hygienic effects. Owing to the stimulating effect of the brine upon the skin, or the saline air upon the lungs, or both together, the appetite is stimulated, and after a bath, bathers are ready for a hearty meal. A fine bath-house has been erected at Garfield Beach, in connection with which there is a first-class restaurant and a large dancing pavilion built out in the lake. At the restaurant excellent meals can be had during the entire season. The buildings at Garfield Beach are modern, have every convenience, and were erected at a great cost. Returning
LEAVING OGDEN. to Ogden, the trip across the continent to San Francisco is continued over the Central Pacific Railroad. The train soon passes Promontory, which was originally intended to be the point of junction of the two lines forming the transcontinental route, namely, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. Later, Ogden was decided upon as a compromise.

The traveler over the Union Pacific sees very few things aside from the physical features and general topography of the place to remind him of the scenes which occurred at Promontory, Utah, on Monday, May, 1869.

It was here that the last rail was laid and the golden spike driven which united the Union and Central Pacific roads, and completed a work whose chief significance was that hereafter the Great East and the Great West were indeed but a single country, "one and indivisible."

Westward from Promontory the tourist passes successively Rozel, Lake, and Monument, all closely adjacent to the Great Salt Lake. Repeated views of the Great Salt Lake are obtained after Ogden is left behind, but at Monument the last glimpse is taken.



THE COMPLETION OF THE GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE. DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE AT PROMONTORY, UTAH, MAY 10, 1869.

See Page 52.

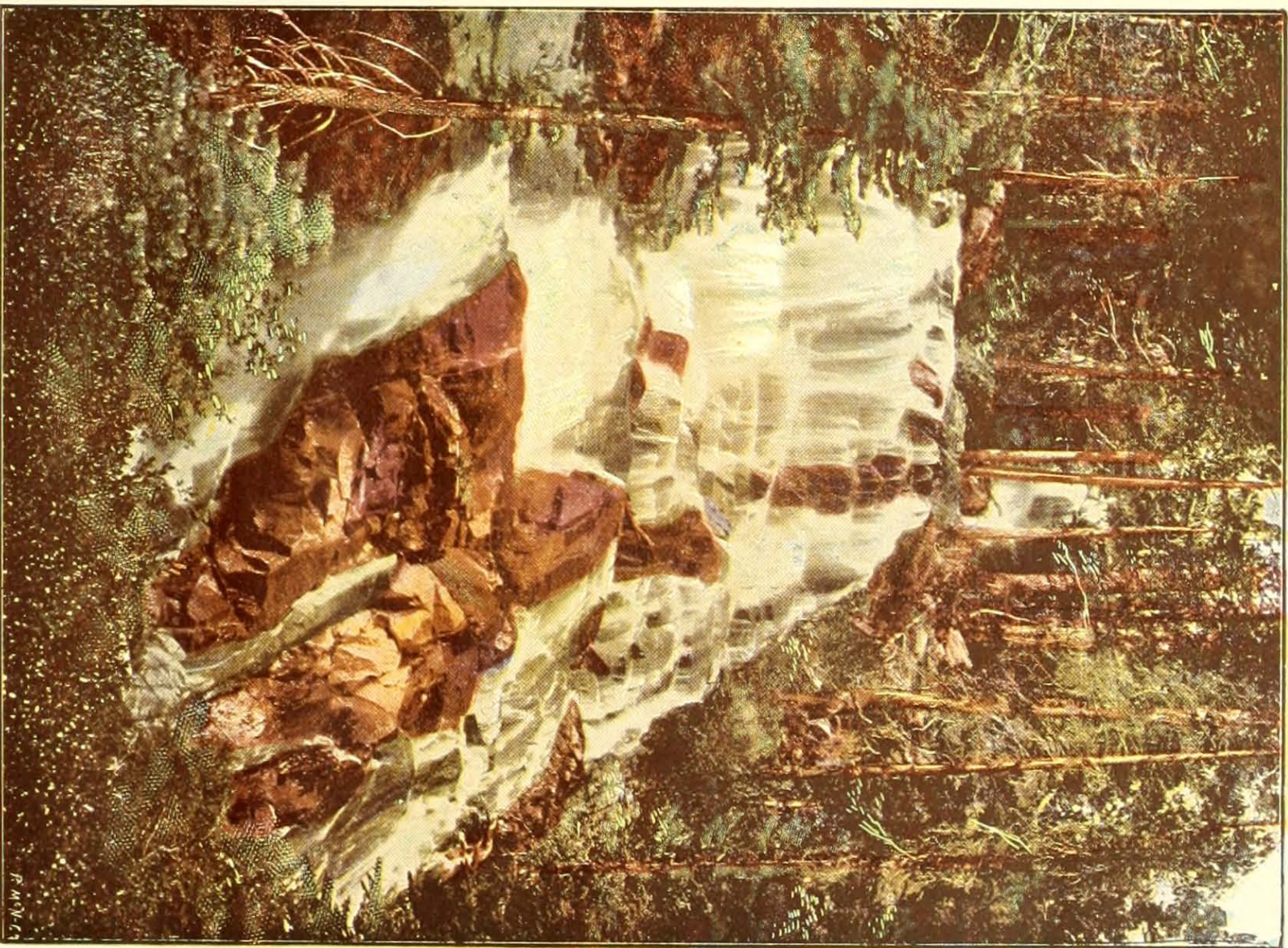
The boundary separating Utah and Nevada is crossed near Tecoma, and the tourist finds himself in the famous Silver State, and henceforward, if he is ever so slightly informed of what lies before him, will look forward to a journey through a land of wonders.

Wells, or to give it the name by which the place was known years before the advent of the railroad, Humboldt Wells, 614 miles east of San Francisco, and 5,628 feet above the level of the sea. It is a place of considerable importance as compared with many other stations along the line. Leaving Wells behind, the train speeds along the fertile valley of the Humboldt, doubly lovely in the eyes of the traveler after the view of the Great Salt Lake Desert, which he has left behind. Tales are told of these regions now waste and desolate, where of old beautiful streams gave unbounded fertility to the soil, making it fruitful for the support of a teeming population which, tradition says, one day dwelt there. Many traces of these vanished water courses yet remain.

The train flits by Elko and in due time reaches Carlin, 535 miles east of San Francisco, 4,897 feet above the sea.

From Palisade and Battle Mountain narrow gauge roads run southward ; the first, to the mining district of Eureka, and the second to the important city of Austin. The main line continues on, however, in a general southwest-by-west direction through the "lake district" named Palisade, Gravelly Ford, Beowawe, toward Reno, the California boundary line, and beautiful Tahoe.

The Palisades of the Humboldt, which give their name to the station already mentioned, are a most striking feature of the scenery along the road through the Silver State. They



EAGLE CASCADE, LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA, ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

P.M.W. 1911

inclose the famous Twelve Mile Cañon, the great walls rising 1,000 feet in the air, Red Cliff and the Devil's Peak soaring up amid the rest as special objects of interest.

At Beowawe (the Indian equivalent for our English "gate"), the Humboldt River forces its way through a great gap in the Red Mountains, and the fact has been made good use of by those whose work it has been to open a road for the purposes of man. Another station and town to be passed is Winnemucca, named for the famous old Piute chief.

The Nevada desert is entered at Lovelock, the line of road no longer following the valley of the Humboldt, which stream insures fertility to a considerable extent of territory.

Reno, the most important commercial city in Nevada, is the point from which the Nevada, California & Oregon and the Virginia & Truckee and Carson & Colorado railroads branch off from the trunk line. The Carson road gives access to the capital city of the same name, Virginia City, and other towns of the district famous as the seat of the great "Comstock" and other mines which, since being first opened, have added vastly to the wealth of the Pacific Coast and the whole world. The great mines of Virginia City and the Sutro Tunnel attract numerous visitors.

The marvelous Carson and Humboldt sinks in which the waters of all the rivers in the State of Nevada, save one, are swallowed; the mud lakes, the borax marshes, and countless numbers of thermal springs, have been the wonder of the scientist and the delight of the tourist.

Since passing Ogden the train has only once been at a less altitude than 4,000 feet, and then only during a run of a few miles near Lovelock. After leaving Reno, the ascent still



HEATHER LAKE, HIGH SIERRAS, ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

goes on. Up, steadily higher, winds the road over the mountain slope, following as it goes the cañon sides, between which dashes the foaming Truckee River. The traveler is in the Sierra Nevada now, and feasts his eyes as he will on the wonders and beauties of the wildest mountain scenery. At the same time he will marvel at the stupendous character of the work which was accomplished when this section of the great transcontinental road was built.

Near Truckee are the famed and favorite resorts of Weber and Donner Lake, and greatest of all Lake Tahoe. In this vicinity objects of more than ordinary interest are to be found.

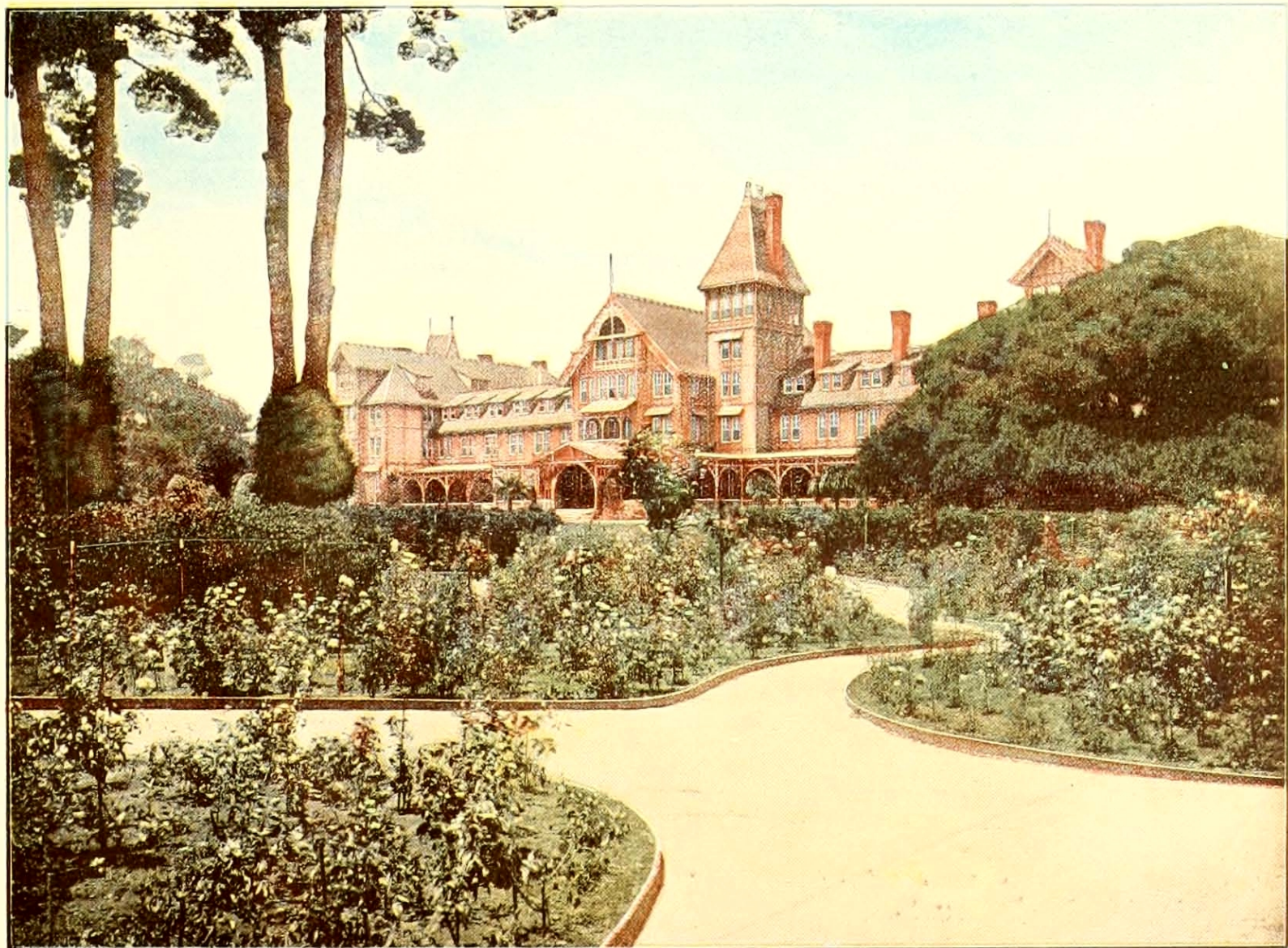
A few miles west of Verdi the State line is crossed, and the traveler is at last in California, the famed Golden State.

Boca, the first town fairly in the State of California, is arrived at and passed, and still the ascent continues. Truckee, the famous mountain city, 5,891 feet above the sea, is reached at last.

Fourteen miles beyond is Summit, 11,266 feet higher still, and here, as the name of the station indicates, the highest point on the road is reached.

From here the descent is rapid, the road winding down through mile after mile of mountain scenery, stupendous and awe-inspiring in its magnificent grandeur.

Stations, the names of which smack of the old days of rocker and pan, and shovel, pass by — Emigrant Gap, where the old ox-trail of the hardy Argonauts is still a feature of interest; Blue Cañon, Shady Run, Towles, Alta, and Dutch Flat. Now, however, while mining is still pursued, the land is blooming with orchards, for the husbandman is pressing the gold-seeker hard.



HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Clipper Gap, Auburn, New Castle, Penryn, and Loomis are all points already famed among the fruit-producing centers of the State.

In due time Roseville Junction is reached, the point at which the Oregon Line branches off, and which is notable also, inasmuch as here the tourist finds himself fairly on the floor, so to speak, of the Sacramento Valley, with the mountains completely left behind.

For eighteen miles farther he glides on his way amid the quiet and lovely scenery of the Sacramento River bottom, to find himself landed at last in the blooming city of the same name, the capital of the great State of California.

From Sacramento the Central Pacific Railroad branches off via Lathrop to Los Angeles, from which many prominent cities and noted resorts of California are readily reached.

Leaving Benicia, once the capital of the State, and Porta Costa behind, the train approaches the final end of the journey, now less than an hour distant. On the right for the entire distance spreads the magnificent expanse of San Francisco Bay. A delightful ride along the bayside brings us to beautiful tree-bowered Oakland, from which point the first glimpse of the Pacific is obtained, the Golden Gate opening clearly before the traveler's eyes. At Oakland a transfer is made across the bay. This marks the last stage of the overland journey. Before the gazing eyes of the tourist, as he stands on the upper deck, rise forests of masts lining the wharves of the water front. Beyond are heights and slopes and levels of a great city. Massive blocks, graceful spires and steeples rise high in the air.

A few moments more, and the traveler is at the gate of the Occident and the Orient — at the Golden Gate — the Mecca of his pilgrimage.



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